

PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of *The Rolling Years*

• Nostalgic • • Humorous •
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION
written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"
Dance Coordinator—Genevieve Martin

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1979 — 8:45 P.M.
MARLINTON ATHLETIC FIELD

Research

Betty M. Holden

Dorothy M. Backs

Marian Jarvinen

Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns

Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford

Staging

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Robert Viers
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford

Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes

Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given
enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or
wearing cherished and preserved posses-
sions of yesteryear, thus making this
presentation possible.

Master of Ceremonies
William P. McNeel

PROLOGUE

POETRY READING Dr. Louise McNeill Pease
"My Home Among the Hills" E. W. James, Jr.
Sololist Rebecca Perry
Barbershop Quartet Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry,
Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsoppie

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER Ina Montgomery
"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"
Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay
"Youthful Merriment" Dancers
Rick Barlow Gray Beverage
Charma Roy Lowell Underwood Kathy Underwood
Dreama Sharp
Ken Underwood Mike Friel Tony Sharp
Laura Howell Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA Betty Rae Welford
BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE Carol McNeill
GREY WEDDING SUIT Nancy Galford
BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET Frances Baldwin
BLUE WEDDING DRESS Susan Viers
*WIDOW'S WEEDS Shella Burns
BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET Nancy Martin
THE ELDERLY COUPLE Johnnie and Madelene Hill
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" Barbershop Quartet
"Camptown Races

"Saturday Night Ritual"
Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,
Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee

"O' Susanna" Barbershop Quartet
"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"
ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY Merry Young
PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE Annette Kramer
GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES Elizabeth Newkirk
GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA Frances McPaters

"The Proper Young Ladies"
"The Sultor's Proposal"
Richard Barlow III

THE DAINTIES Mary White Simmons
THE GIBSON GIRL Lynette Anderson
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR Raymond Gibson
THE WEDDING DRESS Sallie Daugherty

*Copy of original from Pocahontas County family.

SECOND DAY DRESS	Linda Landis
THE PERAMBULATOR	Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth
"The Proper Upbringing"	
Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford	
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter	
"Afternoon Callers"	
Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,	
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder	
THE NIGHT PARADER	Charles Edward McElwee
"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"	Barbershop Quartet
"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"	
ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC	Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry
THE AFTERNOON EVENT	Natalie Austin
SUGAR 'N' SPICE	Dorothy Jesseco
PINK STRIPED SILK	Barbara Jane Shaw
"Excitement of the Age"	
Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindagood	
LINEN DUSTERS	
Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis	
THE BLACK TAFFETA	Diana Cooper
LADIES' SPORT	Libby Rexrode
THE SOPHISTICATED AGE	Dreama Burns
THE FLAPPERS	Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd
THE BLACK LACE	Isabel McElwee
CHIFFON EVENING GOWN	Vern Ann Curry

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills"

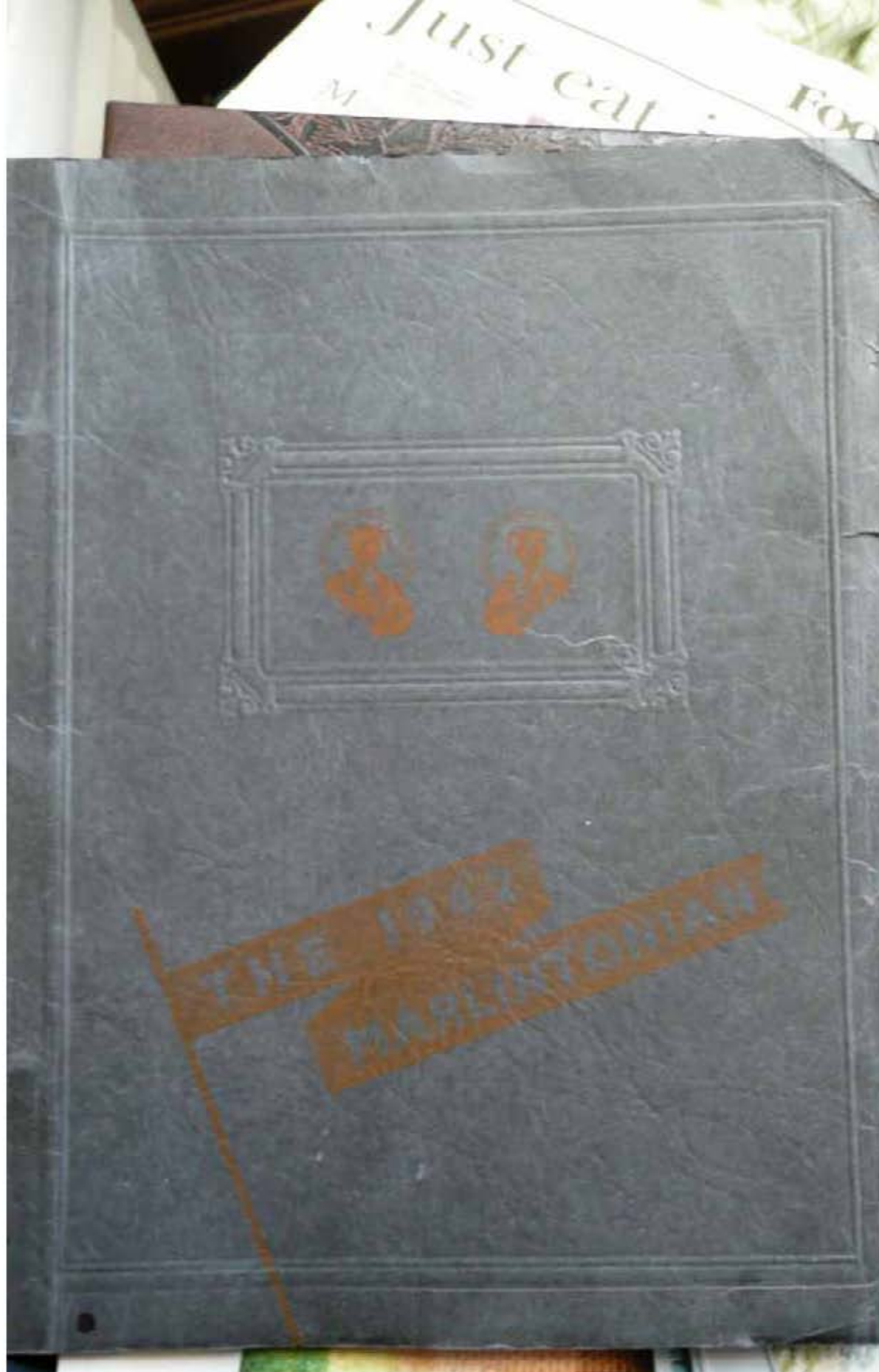
H. W. Engle

[Audience Join In Singing]

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills!

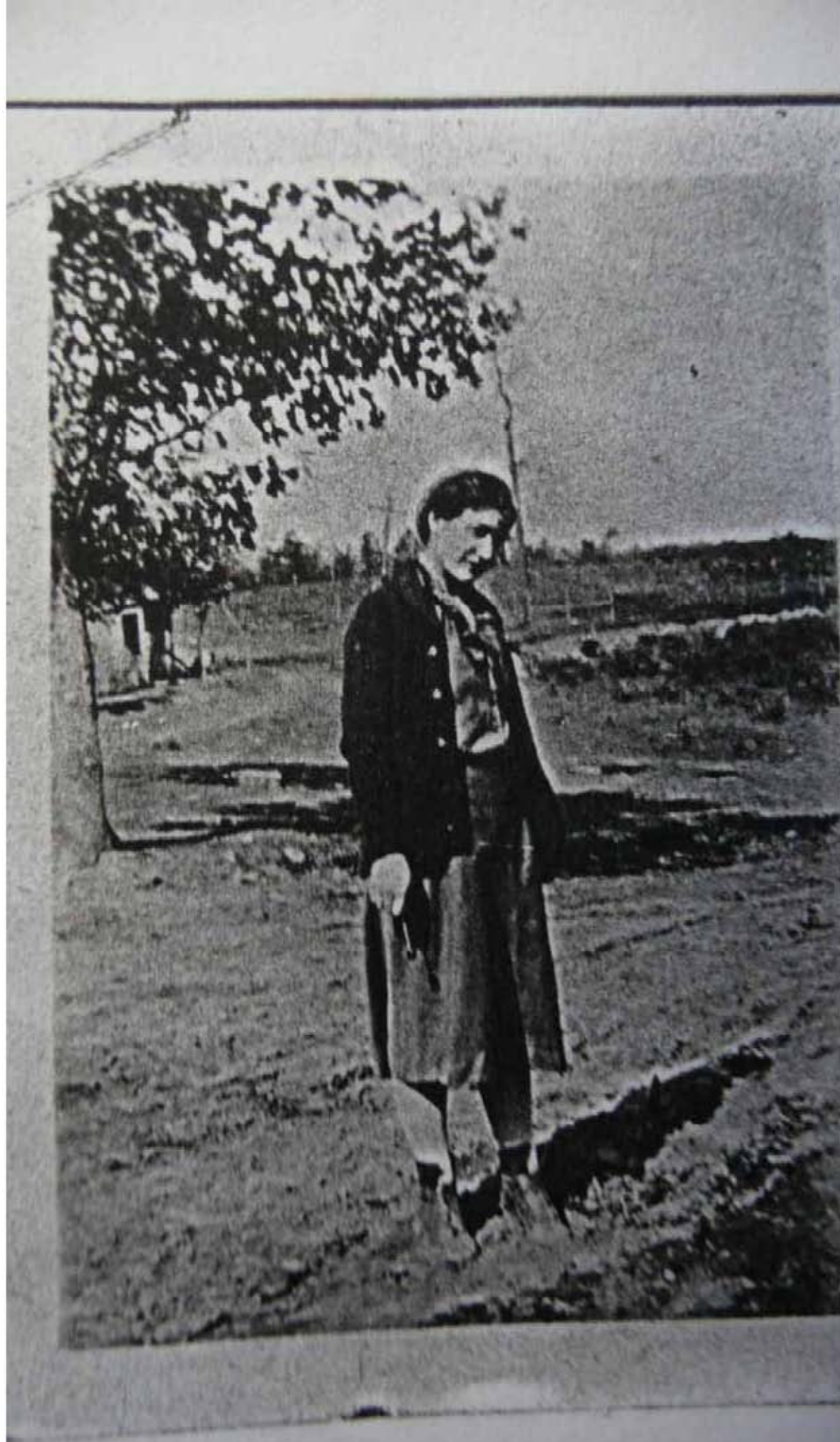
CHORUS

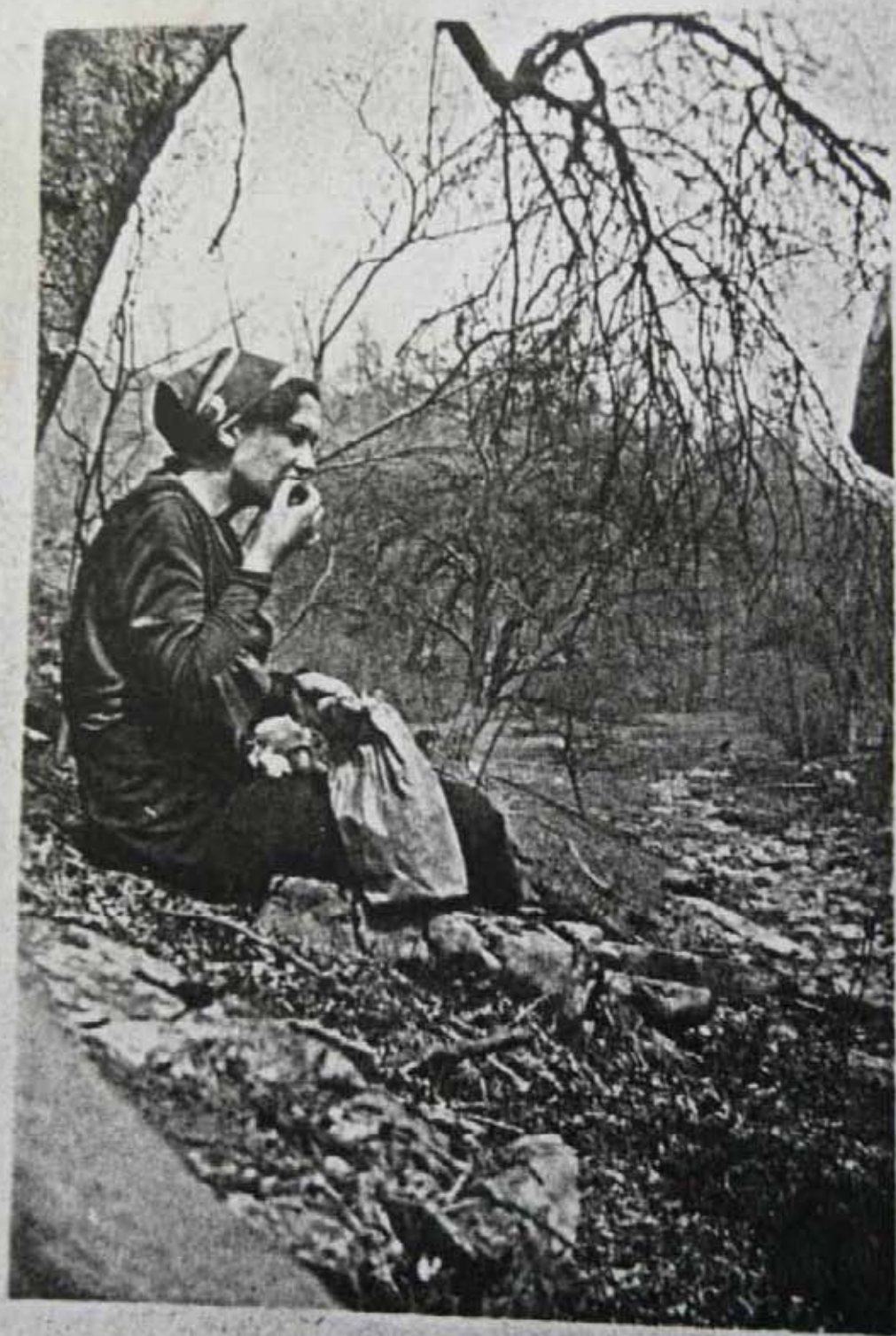
O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

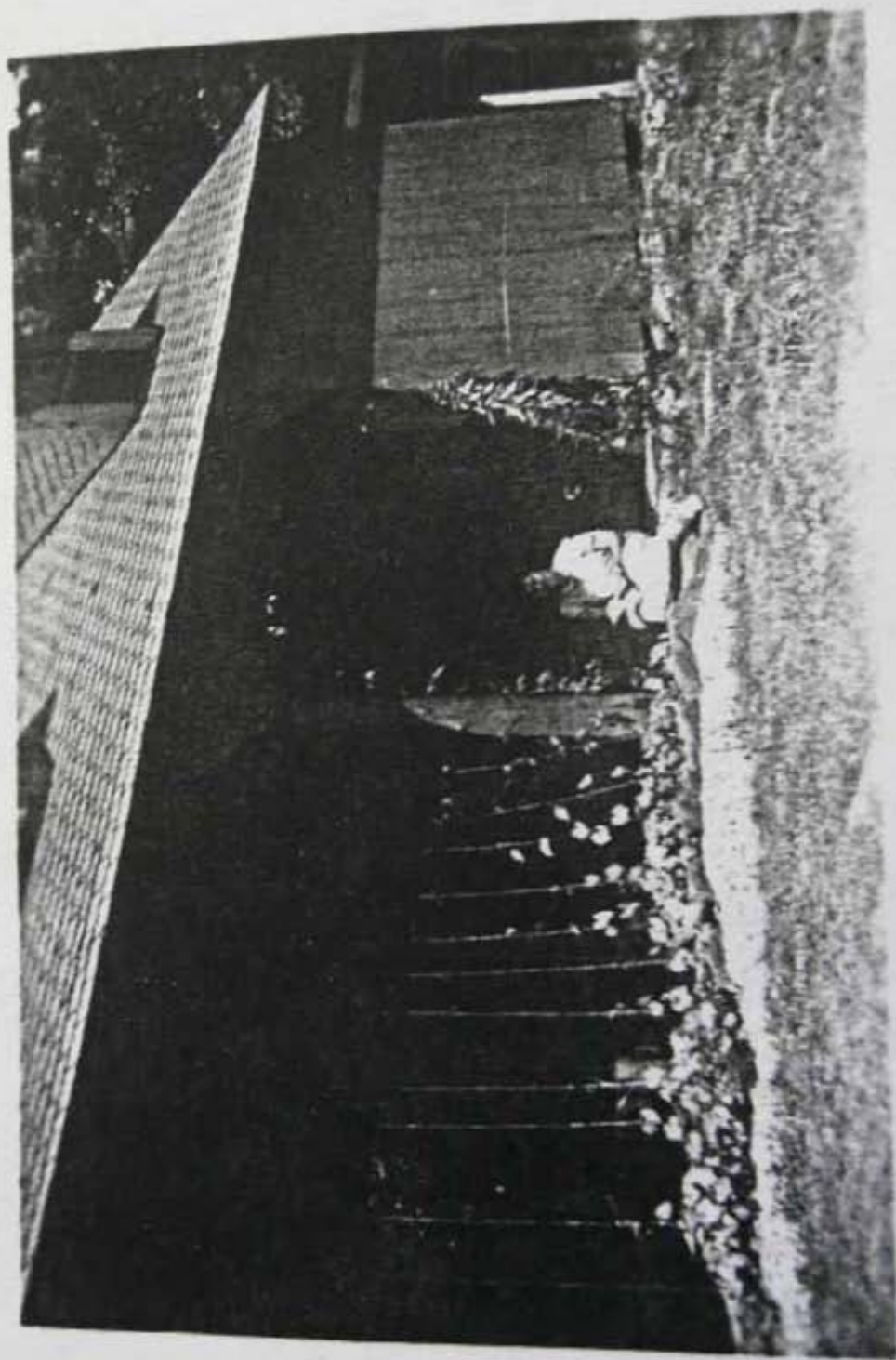


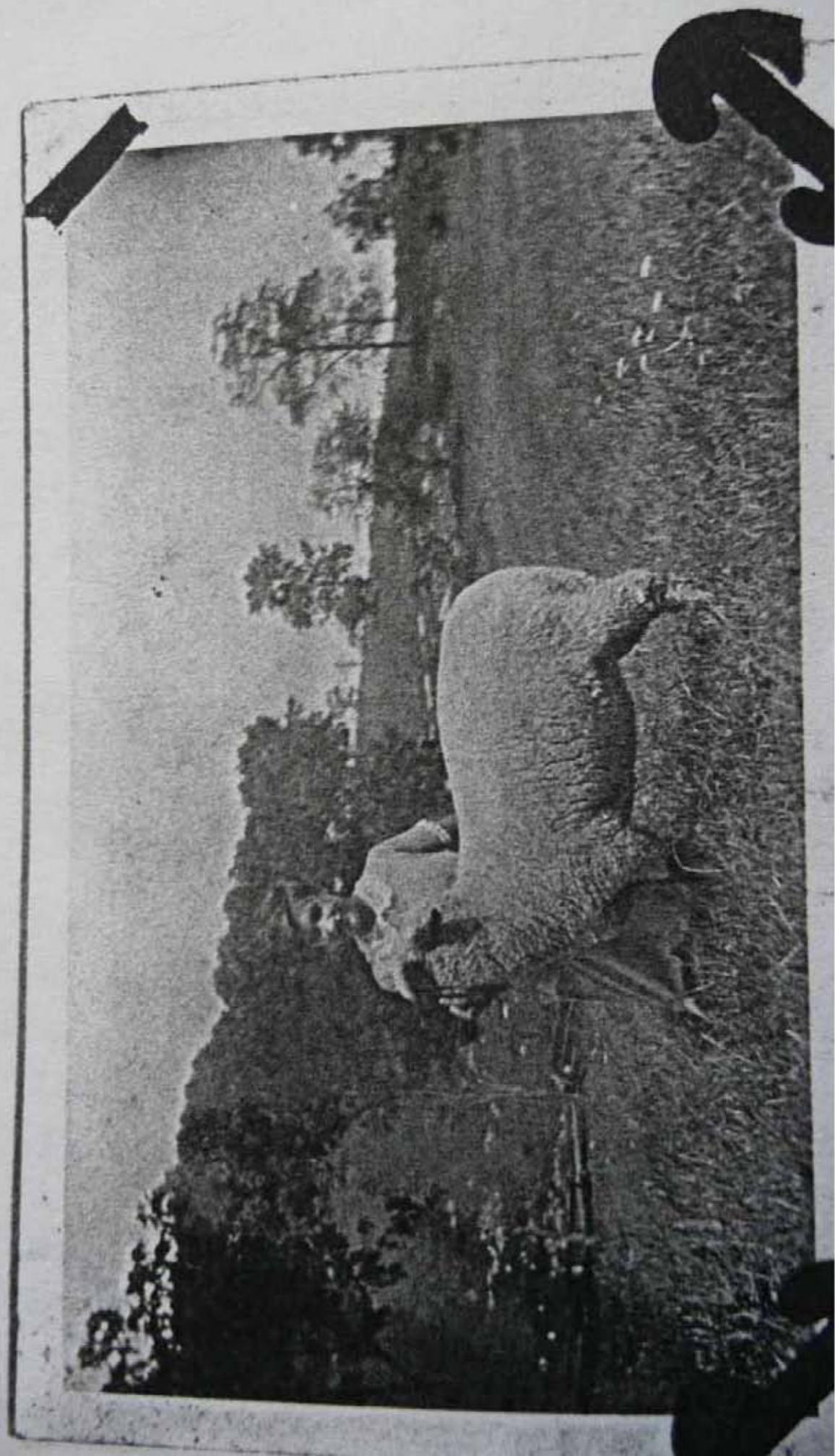
Just eat : Food

THE 1007
MARLINTONIAN









Dixie Farm - Dixie Tribe Indians Bath Co.
Dixie - Recorded 1774 - from
Robt Brooke

Thomas McNeill - 1768 - 1989 = 221 yrs.
Original 300 A. - Lived Am. Rev. - 2 ex-slaves
Hester - Underground shelter

Forrest -

Wm. the Teacher -

Capt. Jm - 1823 - 1911 - Captured Civil War - Droop Mt.
18 mo. 44 Delaware (Union - York)

H. D. - 1877 - 1964 = Prof., Lawyer, Teacher, Traveler,
Writer -

> House - State Arch Laureate -

Jm - Bly - Jamie

8 Generations -

Deat Glen - Isle of Barra - Scotland - Phil - by
Frederick Co. - Va. - Drago - Castle Still exists
In good condition.

Indian House -

Dea Chest - Fore box - Walnut marked 1774
Cabinet - beds - table (Cherry Drop leaf)

24th Day Dec. 1774 -

Robert Brooke, Faguen How. Va. 1774 - 215 yrs.

1776 © 1976



THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - ca. 1800

HE BUILT HIS CABIN ON THIS SITE IN 1769 THE DOWRY
SETTLER OF 1769
AT 700 FT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR
THE SITE IS NOW A NATIONAL MONUMENT

let us now praise famous men,
 and our fathers in their generations.
 The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
 his majesty from the beginning.
 There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
 and were renowned for their power,
 giving counsel by their understanding,
 and proclaiming prophecies;
 leaders of the people in their deliberations,
 wise in their words of instruction;
 those who composed musical tunes,
 and set forth verses in writing;
 rich men furnished with resources,
 living peaceably in their habitations--
 all these were honored in their generations,
 and were the glory of their times.
 There are some of them who have left a name,
 so that men declare their praise.
 And there are some who have no memorial,
 who have perished as though they had not lived.
 But these were men of mercy,
 whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
 their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
 and their inheritance to their children's children.
 Their posterity will continue for ever.
 And their glory will not be blotted out.
 Their bodies were buried in peace.
 And their name lives to all generations.
 Peoples will declare their wisdom,
 And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
 10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks Bill McNeill
 5th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
 7th generation
 (Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
 5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
 Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
 read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
 Dedication Service at the White House, which
 stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

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10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks Blix McNeill
6th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
7th generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

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THE SENATUS

1954

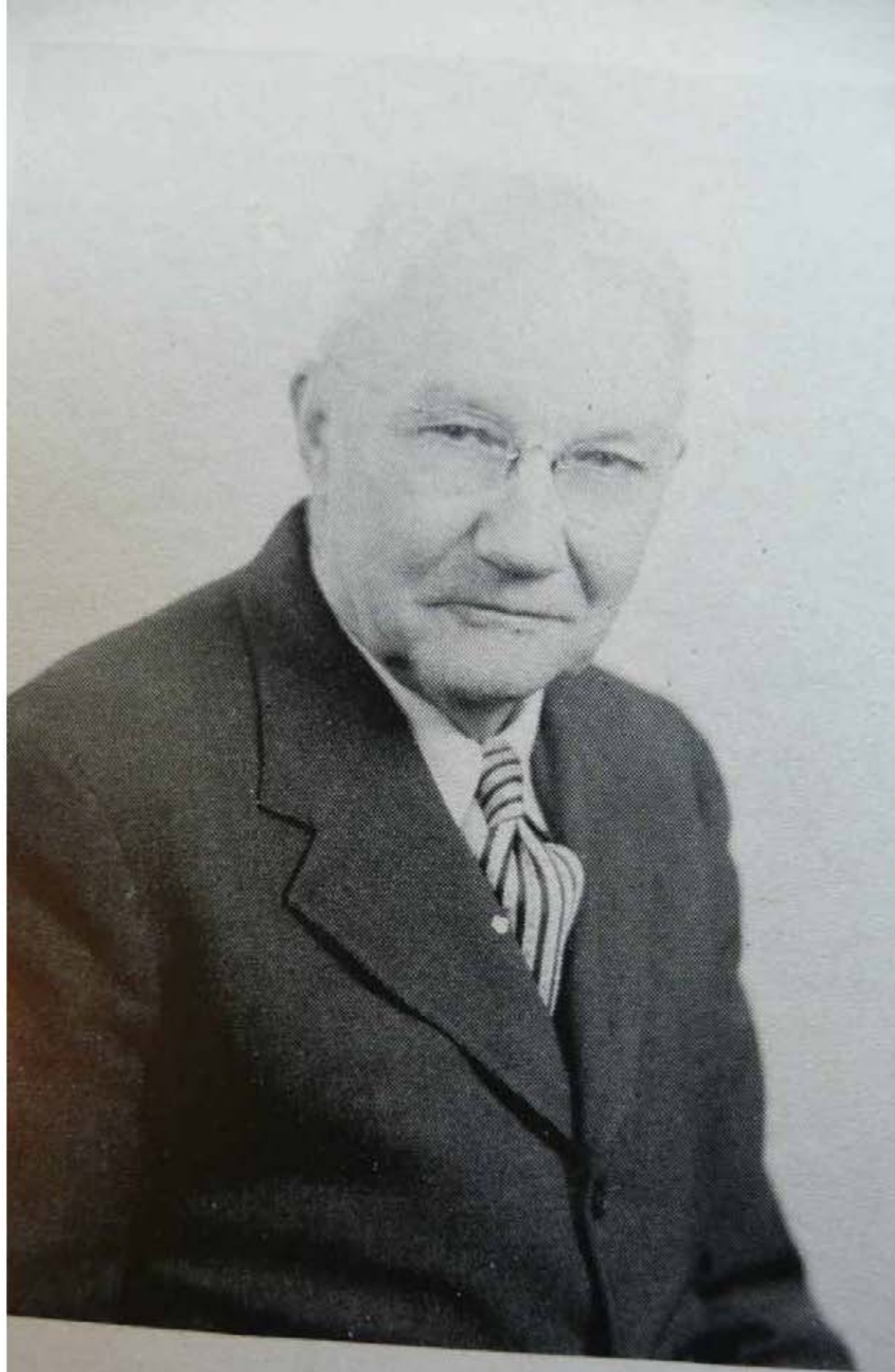


DR. MCNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.



DR. MCNEILL

ge. Dougl. McNeill

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to
you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that
follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and
I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the
goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say!
God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled
the road together and through your grace you taught
us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or
complaining just always going the extra mile
explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T
Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To
club meetings you would go with perfect attendance
always to show. Now in later years you travel in a
big sleek line and with style but the years has not
changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle
in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.

We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

Let us, be encouraged today, as we embark on a new beginning.

Just eat it: Food

What happens when the main ingredient is ... roadkill?



M

The



DAILY SPECIALS

- Monday - Grand (New Food)
- Tuesday - Grand (New Food)
- Wednesday - Grand (New Food)
- Thursday - Grand (New Food)
- Friday - Grand (New Food)
- Saturday - Grand (New Food)
- Sunday - Grand (New Food)

1982 Map in the House

Check at the ...

PLACE YOUR NAME









The Remarkable Governor Spotswood

There was never anybody like the dashing young Alexander Spotswood and few have told his story as well as a young West Virginia professor by the name of John A. Caruso. He has told it in his new book "The Appalachian Frontier: America's First Surge Westward." This page whets your appetite for Caruso with a bit from his book. All students of West Virginia history will want a copy of this magnificent book by a living West Virginian.

Such a man as Spotswood was naturally curious about the country beyond the mountains, which Virginia claimed by right of her ancient charter. Moreover, he had learned, perhaps from the surveyor Colonel William Byrd, that the French had taken possession of the Great Lakes region, where they carried on a lucrative fur trade, and had established themselves at Kaskaskia and on the lower Mississippi.

Possessed of a robust and "restless spirit only slightly concealed under an air of dignity," Spotswood resolved to see things for himself. His military experience complemented his adventurous temperament. He had been wounded at Blenheim, had fought at Malplaquet, and had risen at the age of twenty-eight to the rank of quartermaster-general.

Gentlemen and Servants

In August 1716 Spotswood assembled at Germanna two companies of rangers and a small group of mounted "gentlemen" with their servants and Indian guides. The expedition was to assume the form of an exploratory picnic. The gentlemen had abundant provisions, which included several cases of Virginia wine—both white and red—Irish usquebaugh, brandy, stout, two kinds of rum, champagne, cherry punch and cider. The blast of a trumpet early on the morning of August 30 called them to their horses.

The governor, dressed in green velvet riding clothes, Russian leather boots and a hat bedecked with a brilliant plume, led his companions along the

three more days, crossing small streams, killing rattlesnakes and suffering such discomfort as that of being stung by hornets, until they halted on one of the loftiest peaks of the mountains.

The occasion called for proper celebration. Spotswood delivered an eloquent address and drank to the health of the King and that of the royal family; then he led his companions down the western slope of the peak. The descent proved hazardous. The little streams they followed led to precipices which often frightened and stalled their horses. But their perseverance was eventually rewarded; they came on a smiling valley watered by a clear and beautiful river which Spotswood called the Euphrates—a name which later yielded to that of Shenandoah. Crossing the river, they buried in its bank a bottle which contained a paper claiming the region for their King, George I.

Wild Turkeys and Deer

The valley abounded with wild turkeys and deer and cucumbers and currants and grapes. On these they feasted and then, assembling and loading their guns, drank to the health of the King in champagne, and fired a volley; drank to the Princess in Burgundy, and fired a volley; drank to the royal family in claret, and fired a volley; drank to the governor, and fired a volley. In this convivial mood the gentlemen turned their horses homeward, leaving some of the rangers to continue west to the Warriors' Path where Iroquois often hunt.

Hillbilly Jan 27 1962

article clipped by
Lant Rader Slaven

Later Spotswood glowingly described "World's End," as he called the country he had visited. To encourage settlement in the western valley, he pictured it as an agricultural paradise abounding with health-restoring mineral springs. He also presented to each of the gentlemen who had accompanied him a miniature golden horseshoe on which was inscribed *Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes*. It is pleasurable to cross the mountains—and to have relieved the expedition with the adventurous governor and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

Before long Spotswood had acquired immense estates for

himself and his friends. His appetite for property increased with every acre he secured. In 1720 he influenced the Virginia assembly to pass an act which divided the Piedmont of Virginia into two counties, Brunswick and Spotsylvania, where the landowners enjoyed religious toleration and exemption from taxes or quitrents for a period of ten years. Spotswood and his associates put this act into operation despite the refusal of the Crown to approve it unless land grants were limited to 1,000 acres.

THE PLATE AND THE MAN



Robert Cavalier, Sieur de

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The governor, dressed in green velvet riding clothes, buckram leather boots and a hat decorated with a brilliant plume, led his companions along the banks of the Rapidan toward the source. Five days later they reached the Blue Ridge Mountains. As they descended for

three more days, crossing small streams, killing rattlesnakes and suffering such discomfort as that of being stung by hornets, until they halted on one of the loftiest peaks of the mountains.

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Hillbilly Jan 27 19
article clipped by
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THE PLATE AND THE MAN



Robert Caveller, Sieur de La Salle, the man who first explored West Virginia's Ohio







HOWSARE

JOHN H. HOWSARE
BORN 1871
DIED 1941

JOHN H. HOWSARE
BORN 1871
DIED 1941

WILLIAM LYLE HOWSARE

PVT US ARMY

WORLD WAR II

JUN 23 1925

NOV 21 2001



KATHRYN ELOISE HOWSARE

BELOVED MOTHER

AUG 3 1929



OCT 16 2005

HOWSARE



WILLIAM L.

ROBERT

1923

PEARLMAN
FARM, N.H.

2001

“You must excuse me for not not writing to you more frequent, though I have written to you once before since I got any letter from you. I would have written oftener, only it has been out of my power to do so, on account of our not stopping long enough for me to write—and we have had no conveyance for our letters half the time we have been here. Write soon and give me all the news, and think of the many pleasures that have been, and look forward that which is to come.

Yours with much love and due respect,

JACOB C. McLAUGHLIN.

HUGH McLAUGHLIN.

The third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton. His early life was spent in part on Jacksons River, Bath County. His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Senior, and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when they were young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jacksons River, built a cabin and went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept separate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their

cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease, early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek, and opened up lands now held by his son George H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters: William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rowan, and lived on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rowan was one of the builders of the Marlinton bridge. He was a Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refugeeed from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, and with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horse back.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible near Greenbank. In this family were two sons and two daughters. Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas. Alice married Dennis W. Dever and they live near Frost. Mitchel D. McLaughlin married Emma K. Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children. Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and

lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John C. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro, he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the clerk's office, and was an expert business man much respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhamah Wiley; first lived near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier. Their children are John, Edward, William, Clarence, Fred, Fannie, Mary, and Edith.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizabeth Gum (nee Lightner), of Highland. There were two sons by this marriage.

Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travelers Repose.

Andrew M. McLaughlin married Mary Price, and now resides near Lewisburg. He is a prosperous grazier and farmer, and a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He was a Confederate soldier.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlins Bottom, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent citizen—a member of the county court, a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one

of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see anything worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused to license saloon keepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court, as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii-16.

His conscience was touched, and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing anything to license vice and the giving of drink to neighbors, and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed with what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline—the "old suckers" were all going to the bone yard so fast, and he saw if "new suchers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever

brought in, and that if he would come around he would give him a treat. The saloonist observed that after three or four drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling.

Squire McLaughlin's services as a member of the court for eighteen years were of much use, and along with John Gay, Paul McNeel, and Isaac Moore—being themselves large tax payers—public affairs were managed on a judicious scale, and money, as a general thing, was laid out where the prospect seemed for the greatest good to the greatest number.

While these persons, and others like minded, were on the bench, the attorneys from a distance were in the habit of saying that the Pocahontas court was so hide bound and disagreeable that it was no use to try to do anything with it, or to make anything out of it at the expense of the people. Moreover, they complained the court kept the county too dry by refusing saloon privileges. Reasons for such objections to the Pocahontas county court we most devoutly hope may never cease to exist.

JOSEPH VARNER

The ancestor of the Varner relationship in our county was Joseph Varner. He came from Pendleton county very early in the century and settled on the Crooked Branch of Elk, on property now in possession of William A. McAllister. Mr Varner's parents, it is be-

lieved, came from Germany to Pennsylvania, thence to Pendleton, among the earliest settlers of that county. The given names of these parents seemed to have been forgotten. The father lived to the age of 112 years and died in Pendleton. The widowed mother came to live with her son Joseph, on Elk, and died there, and her remains were buried near the home. Her reputed age was 114 years, the oldest person that ever lived in this region.

Joseph Varner's wife was Susan Herold, sister of Christopher Herold. They were the parents of four sons: John, Adam, Eli and Samuel. Their daughters were Elizabeth, Alice, Susan and Amanda. The Varner sisters seemed to have been ladies by nature, and were remarkable for their beauty, spriteliness, attractive manners and tidy housekeeping.

Elizabeth became Mrs John Holden, and lived many years at Huntersville. During the war the family refugeed to Rockbridge and never returned. She died near Lexington and is buried there in the cemetary not far from the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

Alice Varner was married to Hiram Scott, for years a well known and highlyrespected merchant at Frankford. Mrs Captain Dolan, at Hinton, is her daughter.

Susan Varner became Mrs Thomas Call, for many years a tailor at Huntersville. Her fanily finally went to Missouri.

Amanda, when about fourteen years of age, was sitting on a rock just in front of her cabin home one Sabbath evening reading her testament. The button-pole of the roof fell upon her, killing her instantly.